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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Past.

BY DR. F. C. OLIVER, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The Past, the Past, the mighty Past,
What hoard of wealth it holds at last!
Which time hath sorrowfully cast
From its tumultuous flow!
Its wave, though it rolls on still
In voice familiar on as none!
The thunder tones of Sinai's hill,
As on the multitude they fell!
Cannot mourn it from the still
Majestic sleep, as gone like!
A sad cry worthless, do not strike!

Proud monarch sleep and take thy rest,
The loudest of old victor's wears,
The tallest of the Alpine crew,
The vessel bark that mainly braves
The ocean-way, midst the pole—
The fleet within the Earth below,
The whisperings of the summer breeze—
Each night and day, each ebb and flow—
For thee will toil, thee take thy rest!
With time to sleep were to be blest!

Thy silence sleep and thy dark arms,
As calm as stars when storms arise,
As when from day the babe draw charms
Within the bosom of the skies,
The pyramid of Cheops' fame,
The memory and no guerdon—
A hazard cry or a vow—
Proud Parthenon the second obscure,
Islands sub-merged beneath the seas,
Each, all, alike proclaim thy sway!

Oblivion stores at rain to hide
Thy greatness, grandeur, growing might!
The Present is a tower to rise
Since hath reached perfection's height.
While thine the mute of crossing years
Unseen of hope and glory rose—
A soldier race of mere capacity—
And Earth is seen a parad-se!
But monarch sleep! thy time will come to thee
And soon in dust thy potency.

And yet methinks that then should'st wake
To shake the pageants of the dead,
And scales of truth a moment take
Those whom with thy weight were to weigh!
Alas! the haunted good and wise
Would seek should'st and hide their deeds—
Who master with the dust of ages
And who for country lives or bleeds?
No! Past, the Past, the elder—or infi—
We have no names the lot to swell!

The Past, the Past, the mighty Past—
Republic, Kingdome, Empires! Vast
Thou hast unto thyself amass'd,
And yet for others shalt each, and sentire
Oh! open Columbia's happy land—
Thine land her mighty Washington!
Whose name, amidst the brightest band
Which hosts illume, as Fate said no!
Will live, till time shall hasten to thee—
The patriot's cry for Liberty.

The Collision.—A Prize Poem.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Type of the tongue! Name! Skill whipped!
Or lofty contemplation left to Time
By learned centuries of pomp and power!
To laugh, at length, the laughter of the hour
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst.
Mixed for the draught of love that is the last,
Is sweet, and sacrifice sustains me.
Among the shadows of the lofty trees
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory.
Vastness and Age, and Memories of Eld!
Silence and Solitude, and Night! Sublime!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength.
O spells more sure than e'er Judean king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt One, Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where a mighty people lost their gods,
A mightier vigil lends the sanctity lot!
Here, where the waves of Destiny ebbed last
Waited to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where in golden throne the monarch lolled,
Vassals, prostrate, kiss the sandals bound
Lo by the wan light of the lonely moon,
The circle and the ignorant of the desert!

But stay!—these walls, these ivy-clad arcades,
These smouldering plinths, these rank and tangled weeds,
These interlaced columns, this winch, this vase,
These shattered cornices, this wreck, this ruin,
These—these forbid me not, spirit-wings are they left!
All of the grand and the colossal left
By the remorseful hand—the Past and he!

Not all—the echoes answer me—not all.
Prophetic sounds, and loud, even forever
From us, and from all Time, these echoes bear
As melody from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mighty men—we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are wind and wave and fire—
Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
Not all the virtues of the days gone by
Not all the wonder that encircles us—
Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
Not all the memories that hang upon
And sing around about us like a garment,
Clothing us as a robe of more than glory.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Island Fort.

A Sketch of the American Revolution.

BY ALFRED HASKWELL.

The following legend is not intended for a tale. It is rather designed to preserve, however, even though but for a while, the memory of real incidents, important in my opinion, of the days of our forefathers. Had the author aspired to romance, his story might perhaps have been a little more articulate. He was unwilling to sacrifice truth for the sake of more effect. He gives but the narration, therefore, at present form to the public, satisfied that more than one will recognize in the tales of Herbert, and the Jew's daughter, an "ower true tale."

CHAPTER I.

England farewell! thou who hast been my cradle,
Shall ever be my sepulchre of an grave!
I told what I inherited in thee,
As curses for the sins and disorders of forefathers.
Which thou hast sold for the despoiler's smile—
How can I call thee England, or my country?

Shelley's Charles I.

On a narrow slip of land, projecting some distance into the river, a few miles below Philadelphia, and covered thickly with trees, stood a solitary cottage, which, by his upright and commanding figure, and stern, hostile countenance, the old man, beforehand both mind and body unfortunately inured to danger and hardship, appeared to consider his castle in times of trouble.

More and scarcely launched the lingering shade of night, and the pale harbinger of day still shed no flickering ray upon the earth, the gathering vapors, which rose in heavy masses from the waters, and precluded all observation of what was passing on the river, rendered the whole scene altogether such as have made even a less mercurial man restless of watchings.

At last, with patience exhausted, he lifted his light hand from the door, and was preparing to enter it, when a low peculiar whistle attracted his attention. He scrutinized it in the same strain, and immediately afterward a boat, manned by a half dozen athletic negroes, glided from the darkness of the waters. As it touched the shore, a tall, heavy-built man stepped from the bows, and grasped the extended hand.

"By heaven, Fairfield!" exclaimed he, to the master-mariner, "I have almost had the blood frozen in my veins waiting for you. I had just given you up for lost."

"You had likely to have staid till that time together, had not we succeeded in evading the enemy's boats, who are even now in full cruise for us."

"Chased, were you?" inquired his companion.

"Well, I was very glad you preferred running to fighting; for if they find out you have been keeping an assignation, they may probably want to see your countenance. But how have ye fared on the island, Jay?"

"Bad enough—bad enough!" replied Fairfield, "if we do not get more men and ammunition, we shall not be able to hold out two more days. The enemy have taken a position commanding the head of the island, and almost both sides, and every time they fire a gun, they knock down a dozen of our old fort, or smash some poor fellow to his last account, and we have no answers with Congress!"

"Bad enough, indeed! But did you not receive the supplies sent down by the packet-master?"

"No! nor have we even a likelihood of so doing," answered Fairfield, "unless they come down ourselves. We cannot muster a from the mill
Majestic sleep, as gone like!—
A sad cry worthless, do not strike!

"He hesitated whether to advance the money or to return the bags," said Herbert, "but I told him if he did not advance the cash, I should use, perhaps, a little more forcible persuasion, which left no doubtful inclinations." As he concluded he laid his hand on a pair of pistols thrust into his belt.

"You did right. I have my suspicions of his honesty, and he has attempted to cut over me. Is he dead—darkly, in my belief?"

"Ah! thank you sir!" exclaimed Herbert, "I am, in fact, his debtor for life. Trust me, I will not be knowing for that. Should you, however, find it necessary to do so, I shall be extremely glad to let the circumstance that I owe him three hundred pounds sterling have any effect on your actions."

"Of course not, Fairfield; but let us proceed to business. I have a despatch from the commander-in-chief." Leading his companion aside, out of ear-shot of the boat's crew, he quickly unfolded a note to him the plans of the commander-in-chief, and of his cooperation and assistance to enable him to effect a junction with the congressional army then marching on the fifth Fergo.

"To-morrow night, then," said Herbert, after he had detained the pilot a few moments longer, "to-morrow night you must draw off from the fort and land on the old fishing station. But you had best not be idle till you see the signal agreed upon by the commander."

"As you say," replied Fairfield, "but if I had metal and ammunition, I would sooner die in the ruins of that old fort, than be on my knees, to let the pleasures of house around me.

"I believe you, my friend, grasping with kindly warmth his hand, whilst the moisture filled his eyes, "in whatever way the orders from head quarters must be reported. But see," he exclaimed, as the two men, with a hasty adieu, left the place, and if you would get back to the island before the fog clears up, you must be speedy.

The friends exchanged each other, and seating himself again in his boat, Fairfield was soon gliding rapidly down into the bay. Herbert hastily watched the parting boat till it became indistinct in the light which broke from the eastern sky, with a cheerfulness and vigorous strokes of his paddle, the night boat shot from the shore, and Herbert hastily ascended the smooth bosom of the broad and placid river.

Captain Herbert rightly judged the dawnings of the fog; for he had scarcely time to paddle his little trunk to the shore, before the whole river was his effulgent brightness undimmed on the extensive and varied plain. Herbert left the sides of the peaceful river—giving life and health to the scene, which, an hour before, had been shrouded in the darkness of night.

Steering for a small creek, Herbert had his canoe in a patch of high rushes, which grew at the margin of the stream, when he perceived his own a small boat partially concealed on the edge of a swamp by a cluster of rag-weed and willows. Fastening his canoe to a load high bridge on his ear, he opened the door of the cabin and entered. A few minutes' time sufficed to change the fatigue dress for a powerful honor by the leader. Leading him to the edge of the creek, he bade him to drink; then mounting he put him to his speed, and was lost among the foliage of the forest in the direction of Philadelphia.

CHAPTER II.

"A rebel's corse, cut with a rebels tongue."

"The Jew of whom I spoke is old,—so old
His strength is sure outlived a world's wickedness."

SHELLEY.

At the time we are writing of, a large mansion built of red brick, and surrounded by a small yet, was situated in the city of Philadelphia, and consisted of a house could be seen, but in the midst and out of the house, a large and commodious one they still are at present—rose in all the beauty and redness to the first floor, formerly used by the negroes of which it was first settled. With the march of improvement, however, that stately looking mansion had vanished, and on its stead has risen a modern three storied dwelling, which, in the excess of pride, leaves no room for ornaments or comfort in the individual contempt. Here resided Isaac Levi, a Jew merchant of Philadelphia.

In a small room, then, of the mansion, scantily yet neatly furnished, and which opened into the back portion of a wooden's bed, set a little old man. He was clad in a red woolen dressing gown, and his head variegated by patches of so many different tints, that it would have been impossible to have said what was the color of his hair, or whether it had any. His features detected the original colors. Like the descendants of the tribe in Europe, he wore a beard several inches long, which time had left in a straggling and matted condition, and which contrasted with the sallowness and paleness of his countenance, presented a disagreeable and disgusting impression in the eyes of a stranger. Every passing ray, deeply and almost obscured by a heavy hanging brow, seemed rather to shun than to seek the light, and every glance claimed to fall, on a table before him, with writing implements, lay several papers and letters, together with a small and massive pocket bible.

"Father Abraham!" he exclaimed, laying down a paper which he had been carefully reading, and which he had received from the hands of a boy before him; "the will not thy servant to make up the debts, but to give me the power to call in my debts. It is one great thing for the poor Jew." He sighed as he spoke, and his head sunk upon his shoulders. "Now shall the 'day of a Jew' make his nonce," he continued, "and he re-engaged on them who have me."

A slight tap at the door disturbed his cogitations. Hastily thrusting the papers in his pocket he rose, and the door opened, and Rebecca, his daughter, entered.

She was habited in a plain, unadorned white dress, whose simplicity only rendered the beautiful symmetry of her form. Below the middle stature, she appeared rather above than below it, and in the slightness of her figure. A profusion of long black hair fell over her shoulders, partially concealing a neck and bosom of dazzling whiteness. Around her temples she tresses were gathered closely by a small band of gold.

"Ah! my daughter; what wouldst thou with thy father?" said the old man, as he looked up from his desk with grief.

"Father, cruel bath gone abroad concerning thee; and the Christian people of the town say that thou hast handled the Jew's money to thine own use."

"What can they say of a poor Jew?" exclaimed he, feebly and querulously, "they can't say it honestly true," I am a poor Jew, they cannot injure me, though they'd—so, so!" and Rebecca, mournfully.

"Thou hast done wrong. The spy from the British camp, Herbert, is the Jew's debtor. Jew-like he will be those pieces of gold if the young man Herbert discovers his plans."

"Peace, daughter; thou canst not touch thy father with reproach."

"But yet thou mightest learn prudence."

As she spoke she left the room, and lane, taking some papers from a far case beneath the table, was soon deeply interested in their perusal.

The old man had declining hand, and the word, as a company of six mounted men emerged at a rapid trot from the city, and directing their horses to the Jew's house, halted in front of the door. Dismounting, their leader threw his face once more to the river, and knocked with the pommel of his sword against the panels.

"Is Isaac within?" he demanded, as soon as the door was opened.

"He is!" replied the domestic.

Without waiting for an answer, he sprang lightly up the cage-like stairway. Opening the door of the room where we have introduced him whom the stranger sought, he stood for some moments unperceived; so deeply was the Jew's attention riveted on the documents before him. Indeed, however, of taking them by surprise, as he anticipated, he found the Jew already gone; and as Herbert and his men clambered over the breastworks, they saw the Jew on the ground, checked their progress, and had several of the foremost dead beneath their feet. But the rear guard pushing forward, they first then found their way through, and rushed down upon the fat. For a time the assailing and the assailed were so commingled as to be dealing many a death-blow to either side; but as the Americans grew weaker, the enemy increased, and they fought at random. The British were superior in force and numbers, and Fairfield and his speedily join them, it was evident to Herbert, that he would be compelled to abandon the attack, and retreat to the boats.

He had issued the bugle to his mouth to sound a retreat, when, looking in the direction of the fort, he saw a score or two of men hastening across the open space to the scene of the conflict. Almost immediately afterwards a bright flame burst from it, lighting up the scene, and rendering each company to distinguish its foe. Short and bloody was the combat. The enemy fled, and left the field, burning with vengeance for their yesterday's defeat. Herbert, however, was not to be their companions, charged through the enemy, scattering and trampling them under foot.

With the exception of a small group, gathered round their officer, and loudly endeavoring to turn the fortune of the battle, the British troops wavered or rise had surrendered to their opponents. Herbert, with a few followers, was speedily among the group, and called out to them to surrender. But the officer, at the sound of the voice, fired a pistol, and Herbert officer's sword, which inflicted a wound on the left arm. Enraged at the insult, and the loss following their swords, the Englishman soon proved himself a skilful soldier with his weapon. At the third pass, Herbert slipped on the grey turf on which they stood, and the Englishman passed his weapon through his body. The victory was short-lived. One of Captain Herbert's troops who stood close by, and had witnessed the fall of his officer, instantly avenged his fall, by cutting down his opponent.—The remnant of the enemy, who had fled from the attack, were pursued by the fugitives, and the men's arms were paralyzed with cold. They then first dropped the boat high up on the beach. When the hapless sufferers saw that they did not mean to return to the ship, such as is indescribable! I would have stopped up my ears, and rushed from the shore, but there seemed a sort of propriety in remaining to see the last. Many of them, I dare say, had not a desire to be a witness of so horrid a spectacle. But the desire of universal safety kept them mourning, when they became fainter and fainter, and at last all was still. The fog cleared away, and the ship was manned by a lifeless crew. Yet no one, to have looked at them, would have taken them for the dead. Smiles, as if they had died in the bed of repose, as if they were gazing at a pleased land, or had arrived at the haven of their hopes. Many of them were locked in each other's arms, as they had been under the lea of a sand-bank, near a fire inside of death-wind, and consequently with their backs to the cold. Others were locked in each other's arms, as they had been in the midst of a fight, and were in the act of destroying.

She made me no answer, but sobbed aloud. I paused; but I said, The presence was gone, and returned. I wanted nothing more to secure me of her affection. I was in a dream of widening delight at the contention.

For a moment I had forgotten the tempest in our ecstasy.

But suddenly I was aroused from my rapture by a succession of loud and reiterated peals, bursting nearer and nearer every moment. I looked up now in real alarm, wishing that we had kept the house, notwithstanding the fear of the storm. It was a thrilling heart, looked among the group assisting me, to see if I could distinguish Agnes. That gracious, gentlemanly man I knew to be my second father; but was the surpassingly beautiful girl at his side my child? My heart beat quick. A sudden tremor seized me; my head was, for a moment, dizzy. I looked again. It was Agnes. It was Henry!

As I turned and fixed my eyes full upon her, I saw that she was pale with anger curiously. Detected in her scrutiny she blushed to the very roots of her hair, and cast down her eyes. Her agitation was equally visible. I could not remember, only I recollect that I was in a dream of wonder. I was confused, but I was certain that the tiny white hand I held in my own, though but for a moment, was my child. She was apparently perfectly lifeless. Oh! the agony of that moment! I was almost choked by the tightening. Will with free I exclaimed.

"Agnes! look up—look—one, you are not hurt?"

At length she moved. She had only fainted, and the pain revived her, at once, to consciousness.

The month which followed was among the happiest of my life. I was young, and I was in love. Agnes walked, rode, chatted, and sang to me. We were never separated, and never wished to be apart; and mutually her presence became to me the only spot in existence. I had no thought but of her. I knew not how it was—Agnes was a mystery to me. At first, indeed, we had been almost strangers, feeling as if we had been brother and sister, but after a little time we had become attached to each other, and began to grow reserved, although at times she would display all her old frankness, united with even more than her usual gayety. Then, when I would imagine I had her confidence, I would find her going through some fit of abstraction, and I would blush and cast her eyes down, and seem as embarrassed as I was myself. I could not tell what to think; it was that Agnes—but no!—how could she be in love with me? I was a stranger!

For myself, I would have given the world, if I could have purchased it, to have told her how much I loved her, and learned there whether the affection toward her, which I had felt had stolen almost insensibly across my heart, was returned. But I could not forget that an engineer's reason to discover what my timidity and fear of her hate, or indifference, would lead them, and they answered, are silent; they thought it only to live—they thought it only to die for her. I thought it again. I was only perplexed. Not a day passed of a ship bound for the East Indies, but I felt the depth of despair. A smile from Agnes was the sunshine of my life, and I could not endure the suspense in unfathomable darkness. I could not penetrate the thickness of her manner, especially when I had the slightest reason to suppose that she was in confidence of her manner, especially when I had the slightest reason to suppose that she was in confidence of her manner, especially when I had the slightest reason to suppose that she was in confidence

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the Finances, &c.

In obedience to the provisions of the Act of Congress of the 15th of May, 1820, supplementary to the Act to establish the Treasury Department," the Secretary of the Treasury respectfully submits the following report:

1. *Of the Public Revenue and Expenditures.*

The receipts and expenditures for the year 1840 were as follows:

The available balance in the Treasury on the 1st of January, 1840, consisting of amount deposited with the States, trust funds, and indemnities, and the amount due from banks which failed in 1837,) was, as appears by the books of the Register of the Treasury

$3,665,663 60

The receipts into the Treasury during the year 1840 were, from

Customs	$13,499,502 17
Lands	3,992,795 93
Dividend of the Bank of the United States	1,776,113 00
Miscellaneous and incidental sources	383,930 23
Banks which failed in 1837	146,939 55
Treasury notes issued	5,569,847 51
	25,187,736 94
Making	$28,850,920 44

The expenditures in the same year were for—

Civil list, foreign intercourse, and miscellaneous	$5,493,230 96
Military Department	10,066,326 45
Naval Department	6,031,268 61
Public Debt	11,960 77
Add outstanding warrants issued prior to 1st January, 1841	1,816,334 26
Treasury notes redeemed, including interest	4,043,005 00
	27,963,675 41

Leaving a balance in the Treasury on the 1st of January, 1841, of 887,245 03

The receipts from the 1st of January to the 4th of March, 1841, were, as per Treasurer's account, 4,976,626 41

Loans 306,148 56

Miscellaneous and incidental sources 31,349 45

Banks which failed in 1837 19,000 00

Treasury notes issued per act of the 31st of March, 1840 1,110,611 00

Treasury notes issued per act of 15th of February, 1841 673,681 27

Bond of the Bank of the United States, 11,913 00

4,318,340 67

Making, with the balance in the Treasury, January 1, 1841, 5,199,885 10

The expenditures for the same period were—

Civil list, miscellaneous, and foreign intercourse, 943,517 14

Military Department, 1,373,097 11

Naval Department, 779,253 66

Public Debt, 3,617 79

Treasury notes redeemed, including interest, 647,590 09

4,037,166 00

Leaving the balance in the Treasury on the 4th of March, 1841, 1,162,719 44

The balances of appropriations outstanding on the 4th of March, 1841, were—"Statement A":

Civil, foreign intercourse, and miscellaneous	$6,337,324 28
Military	15,991,685 15
Naval	6,316,580 63
Public Debt	41,287 36

Treasury notes issued prior to the 1st of January, 1841, and outstanding on the 4th of March, 1841, 3,979,230 00

Do. issued under the act of 1840, from 1st January, to the 4th of March, 1841, which may, and most of which probably will, be applied in payment of public dues during the year 1841 1,110,611 00

Amount estimated as above 300,000 00

Making in the aggregate $33,439,618 50

Of this there will be required for the service of the current year 34,310,000 00

Additional appropriations required by the War Department for the year 1841, viz.

Fortifications and works of defence $1,435,500 00

For armaments of fortifications and repairs 720,000 00

For payment of arrearages and current expenses, and taking care of public property on roads, harbors, &c. 66,199 13

For arrearages for preventing and punishing Indian hostilities, 855,837 86

3,531,336 94

Making 37,731,336 94

The actual and estimated means under the existing law to meet these demands are, viz.

The available balance in the Treasury at the 4th March 1841—(see statement B,)	$46,860 17
Treasury notes authorized under the act of 1840, issued after the 3d of March, 1841	413,592 72
Treasury notes authorized by the act of 1841 to be issued after the 4th March, and included in the estimate of ways and means,	5,000,000 00
Receipts from customs estimated at	15,000,000 00
Receipts from public lands	2,500,000 00
Miscellaneous sources	170,000 00
	23,130,393 64
Leaving unprovided for, of the demands for the present year, the sum of	5,600,941 14

There will also be receivable for public dues in the present year, or payable in 1842, Treasury notes the issues of the present year, to the amount of $4,000,000 60

Which sum, added to the above, makes the estimated deficit 10,600,941 74

But the undersigned feels it his duty to call the attention of Congress to the more immediate demands of the public service, and the means which will be required to be supplied.

The sum which will be required from the 1st of June to the 31st of August next are estimated as follows, viz.

For the payment of Treasury notes which will fall due within that time, $6,256,800 00

And for interest thereon 780,000 00

Balance for taking the 7th census 250,000 00

For the ordinary miscellaneous and foreign intercourse 1,200,000 00

Military service 1,611,000 00

Naval do. 1,864,000 00

Public debt 6,767 00

Expenses of the extra session of Congress 250,000 00

Making about 11,151,567 37

The ways and means in the power of the Treasury, and which will probably become under existing laws, are as follows:

1. Fund in the Treasury (as per statement B)	$644,361 16
2. Treasury notes authorized by the act of 1840,	1,505,943 91
3. Estimated receipts from the customs,	3,000,000 00
Do. do. for lands	1,000,000 00
Do. do. miscellaneous	50,000 00
Making	5,200,305 07

And leaving a deficit of $5,951,262 30

For which, and the sum recommended to be kept in the Treasury to meet any contingencies of the public service, viz. 1,000,000 00

Making an aggregate of $6,951,262 30

In another part of this paper the views of the Department as to the mode of providing for the above deficit, together with the residue of the existing public debt, will be presented.

From the year 1816 to 1832, a period of twenty-one years, the revenue was mostly exceeded the expenditures, and the surplus accumulated in the Treasury. At that time was $11,466,293 57, (see tables 1 and 2,) in addition to appropriations of $340,748,704 27. Of this there was applied to the extinction of the national debt $300,793,127 44, and there was made the gradual payment, by the act of the 23d of June, 1836, deposites with the States $28,121,645 13, and there remained on the 1st of January, 1837, in the Treasury of the United States, including the fourth instalment due to the States, a sum of 12,109,627 24

There were also outstanding debts due and falling due to the Treasury, arising from other sources than those of the ordinary revenue, and which were paid between the 1st of January, 1837, and 4th of March, 1841, the amount of (see statement D) 9,194,747 00

There were, also, issued within that period, and outstanding on the 4th of March, 1841, Treasury notes to the amount of 5,844,519 60

Making the aggregate available means which were in the Treasury on the 1st of January, 1837, and which have come into it prior to the fourth of March, 1841, over and above the current expenses, 27,048,893 84

From which deduct the amount (see the four items above) paid to the Treasury on the 4th of March, 1841, 378,719 40

And there appear an excess of expenditure over the current revenue of 26,670,174 44

It is proper to remark that the entries on the books of the Register of the Treasury do not always show the true dates of the receipts and expenditures. An item of receipt or expenditure (table D) will serve to illustrate this fact. The sum of $513,126 47 was, on the 1st day of October, 1840, paid to the United States on its last bond to William Armstrong, superintendent of Fort Gibson, by order of the Secretary of War. Though this sum was in fact received and expended on those days, it could find its way into the office of the Register until the 4th of March, 1841, which day it appears on his books both as a receipt and an expenditure.

These and like entries, within the last few years, were the expenditures pushed beyond the amount of the revenue. They were made to absorb the surplus in the Treasury and the outstanding debts due to the United States, on the 1st January and the 4th of March, 1841, exhausted of its means and subject to heavy and unusual liabilities. It was already bankrupt when debts incurred in time of peace, and without any adequate provision for their payment, were thrown upon it by the last administration.

No part of the provision has been made to reduce the debt or to check its constant and rapid increase. We find it, therefore, in the past legislation and financial administration characterize in a peculiar and alarming manner the national debt. The temporary expedients by which it has been increased do not at all vary its essential character.

The attention of Congress is respectfully invited to the necessity of early and efficient measures to prevent its further augmentation. The only remedy is to increase the revenue so far as may be without unreasonably burdening the country, and to reduce the appropriations within the limits of strict economy.

In this as it has not comported with the views of Congress to go into a revision and adjustment of the customs so long before the 4th of March, 1841, comes to have its final and permanent operation, the undersigned would respectfully suggest the propriety of temporarily lowering the levy of a duty of twenty per cent. ad valorem on all articles upon the free list of March, 1833, and of a duty thirty per cent. upon all articles of the present list, except gold and silver, and the articles specifically enumerated as free in the 5th section of the act of March 2d, 1833.

If this measure be adopted, it is estimated that there will be received into the Treasury from customs, in the first quarter of the year 1842, about $3,000,000; in all of the year 1842, about $12,500,000; and in the year 1843, after the final decision under the act of March 3, 1841, about $15,000,000. The basis of this estimate will be found in the accompanying paper, marked E, and numbered 1.

It is believed that, after the heavy expenditures to which the public service has been subjected for years, have been provided for, the revenues which will accrue from that, or a much less permanent rate of duty, will be sufficient to defray the expenses of Government, and leave a surplus to be annually applied to the gradual payment of the national debt, leaving the proceeds of the public lands to be disposed of as Congress shall think fit.

The general principles on which the final revision of the tariff is to rest are perhaps simple and easy to be understood; but the best of rules may admit, in their application and detail, must be a work of time. It should be done on calm reflection and careful deliberation, with a view to reconcile, so far as possible, the conflicting opinions, and to promote all the essential interests of the whole People of these United States. And it may be important, in the adjustment of the duties to encourage fair and equal principles, and as a liberal spirit, the concessions which may be accorded to our commerce by foreign nations. It is desirable that we should meet them by meeting in a like equal spirit any lawful exactions to which our commerce may be subjected in the ports of foreign nations, or any favor upon the importation of our staple productions, or any discrimination in favor of the navigation of their own bottoms between the duties upon sugar and molasses, and upon the products of the mechanic arts, such as cotton fabrics manufactured or distilled from foreign materials. The relative duties between these articles and the products of labor between duty and the drawback was adjusted by the acts of January 31st, 1829, and May 27th, 1830, since which time the duties on the former remained, while the drawbacks remain the same. And a provision of law declaring that all manufactured articles which bear a similitude to any enumerated article chargeable with duty shall pay the same rate of duty with the article which it most resembles, would save a large sum annually to the revenue, and prevent much annoyance and litigation between the importers and the officers charged with the collection of the duties.

Of the Public Debt.

But it is not expected that any modification of the revenue laws will be competent to supply the immediate wants of the Treasury, and to pay the debts which fall due in the present year, and it will be necessary that a loan is necessary to effect those objects, and the undersigned therefore sees no other way to provide for the loan, the character of the securities, and the terms and conditions of sale.

It will be, in the opinion of the undersigned, be unwise to change upon the commerce of the resources of the country, in the form of a tax upon the whole or any or all hostily, the national debt. Before that is done, measures of economy and reform in every part, and the treasury of the country should be restored, and consumers and industry relieved from the present state of embarrassment and depression, and a foreign and federal policy be adopted which will command the confidence and support of the

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THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

There's Something Strange.

There's something strange, I know not what,
Comes o'er me,
Some phantom I've for ever got
Before me.
I look on high, and to the sky
I'm turning;
On earth, no light with all things bright
Seems burning,
In vain I try this goblin's spells
To worry;
Go where I will, it round me dwells
For ever.
And then what marks by day and night
It plays me;
In every shape the wicked spree
Waylays me.
Sometimes like rare rose bright eyes of blue
To glancing;
Sometimes like fret, it slippers rest,
Dancing.
By whispers round of every sort
I'm taunted,
Never was mortal more, in short,
So haunted!

The Park in London.

But another moment, we have crossed the park —and what an atmosphere of view and scenery surrounds us! Here, stretched around, whose verdure is tender and mentor of living consort of a little river of pure water, is dropped all to the side of the manor for having ventured to offer her wares for sale at the center of the stream. There, a herd of drunken guardsmen and their unfortunate female companions are "running a-mock," as the phrase is, through the mazes of Orchard Street or Duck Lane. Beside the railings of the church-yard, we see the commander interment of the workhouse dead —four of an coffins placed side by side, and the funeral service read over the "lot" with the rapidity of lightning, to save time and expenseness. Outside, a hungry dog has seized a scrap of meat from a butcher's stall, and the whole of the neighborhood joins in rapid pursuit of the unlucky animal; while the aspect of the population, their shops, their habitations, their neglected children, with gaze blistered and off-shot locks, would defy pen or pencil to depict! Such misfortune and squalor, unless a second Hogarth were to give to the world a modern portraiture of this Gin Lane end of the Metropolis.

And yet here, even here, the claspour of drums and trumpets, and the roar of artillery, announcing the departure of royalty from the country scene over to that of its business, strike pleasantly on the ear, recalling the gilded and jewelled appearances of the world we have quitted, for a world whose inhabitants it is difficult to believe are formed of the same materials as that courtly clay.

Good and Bad Nuts.

Bad nerves weaken the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An excited state of mind shows in the face; four blanches; joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse to a gallop. Delirium inflames great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to exercise. Powerful emotion often kills the body outright — a shock, Diagnosis, Sophistries, died of joy at the Grecian games. The nerve of a defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion of the indicrous on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals, and enjoying the chair of state. Maley Meloch was carried upon the field of battle in the last stages of an incurable disease; upon seeing his army give way, he mounted his pale-attrickon troops, rallied back the tide of battle, conquered, and died. The above-body of Congress expired on hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. A famous public speaker's life ended in the midst of an unparalleled burst of eloquence, at when the deep emotion that produced it had suddenly subsided. Leaping Parr, the Cambridge, died when he found that the immense prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another. Hill of New York was apprehended for theft, and taken before the police; though in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils, and he was carried out and died.

Ludicrous Anecdote.

A few years since, an aged clergyman in the western part of this country retired to rest on the remnants attached to the ministerial office, and that during the whole term of forty or fifty years that he had officiated therein, he greatly had endeavored but once disturbed in the pulpit. On that occasion, he noticed a man directly in front of him, leaning over the railing of the gallery with something in his hand, which he soon discovered to be a large ball of tobacco just taken from his mouth. Directly before and a man asleep, with his head back and his mouth wide open. The man in the gallery was assiduously engaged in rasping and lowering the ball, taking an exact observation, till, at last, having got it right, he let fall the quid, and it went plump into the mouth of the sleeper below! The whole scene was so indescribably ludicrous, that for the first and last time in the pulpit, an orthodox preacher was left to smell upon the countenance of the preacher.

Marriage.

With all the ills and evils, man knows no happiness until he marries; let him possess a woman of sense and virtue, and whom he honestly loves, and he will feel a solid and permanent joy, of which he never was before sensible. For, to somebody says, the happiness of a woman the most distinguished, arises from a regular and established fund, while unmarried libertines live upon their wits, and become bankrupt in character and respectability. To save (or the most sublime) trifle, a unsurrupted happiness no man can or ought to expect. Life is too precious fruits do not spring spontaneously from the earth, as they did in the garden of Eden, or date unripe from the clouds as it did in the wilderness. But as a whome of solid comfort, matrimony affords a well-regulated mind a double share of pleasure in prosperity, and a solace in sorrow not attainable

Down East Justice: Scene, Mair of Me.

A friend writes us from North green on the hold up your hand, and I'll manster the oath—"You swear, &c.—Mrs. Oh! my best mission.' (Great laughter.)—Esq. M. I ask you, gen'm, if gentlemen from Jack Mc Tose out of doors?—Mr. T. I can't exactly say I did, but I can say I saw Mr. Isaac take his fist and turn it at times, and the next I saw of Mr. Gen he was operating in a way that I should think Esq. Green didn't like it more about it.—Esq. M. That's enough, tax—the case is plain, and I shall fine Mr. Isaac Tools of court, and three days' and to my garden

Apologizing.

It so related of the immortal David Crockett, that being at a menagerie in Washington, he called the attention of a friend to a solemn-faced monkey, who was at food upon his fellow-creatures, and he did not'n't think Jacko was the strangest creature in existence. Upon receiving from Ohio—Turning round at the moment, we should stand at the door and let the tourists have a benefit! "I'm in a fix, and no mistake" exclaimed David; after a moment's hesitation, he added: "but if you'll tell me how, I'll apologize. I'll go almost there, and don't know whether to apologize to you or to the monkey?"

Longevity of the O'Connells.—At a recent gathering of the "Irishmen in London," Mr. O'Connell, the presiding genius, if any time be worthy of that a reason why I should mark harder! Here I am now, on the 7th of March, 1843, the real age of London, arguing for Ireland, and on Sunday the 16th, I am to be the Corrupt of Kilkenny with 100,000 Irishmen. That is the way I work and my age pass—for I shall only be in a week than other fellows would do in a year."—(Cheers.)

A Lapsed Lover.—A gentleman was lately in a party of ladies, when the subject of conversation turned upon marriage. In answer to a question from some of the ladies as to when he intended to marry, he intending to reply, "Yes, madam; and I can offer no stronger proof of my approbation of wedlock than that I never opened and the most attentive to hear one wale and the happiness to marry another." Instead of that, he mistakenly made the sentence thus:—"I have had the pleasure madam, to buy one wife, and the satisfaction to marry another."

A Hint.—A young lady once hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was nearly worn out, and asked what would be a suitable present for her to destroy. He understanding the next day by sending her a set with a thimble for fingers inside.

"I send a thimble for fingers inside,
Which I hope will do when you try it;
It will last long, if it's half as strong
As the boy which you gave me to buy it.

Good Reason.—A secretary of state being asked by an intimate friend why he did not promote merit? replied, "Because I would have a friend."

Wellington.—"I'll see you again," as the jailer said when he turned the key on the late C. G. Mitchell.

A Strange Freemen.—A great fortune with a wife is a bad fall of branches.

From the Ladies' Companion, for 1843.

The Green Huntsman;

Or, The Haunted Villa.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFFITTE," "ARMAGNAC," ETC.

"It is a true and honest tale, fair master?
"Nay—I scarce not. I give it not—but I said it."

In the upper Quadrangle of New Orleans and contiguous from the river on which it fronts, stands a vast square mansion—many of the surrounding edifices greet taller than time. A few old moss-stained oaks of a century's growth, rear their majestic heads above its roof; here, and the hedges and walls that once enclosed it, are broken down or entirely destroyed. Every where are the marks of harrowing been, in a better day, the abode of affluence and aristocratic pride. Lonely, in dilapidated grandeur, stately and imposing even in its ruin, it has for years attracted the eye of the curious stranger to be aided past it. But vainly does the traveller seek to learn from those about him, the history of the spot. All that he can ascertain is, that it is called "The Haunted Villa."

Less than half a mile above this dilapidated edifice on the estate adjacent also stands a mansion, which is no less striking for its beauty, adorned as it is with verandahs, porticos and latticed conservatories, and bathed in the most luxuriant foliage, with well-appointed lodges of the rose-thorn interspersed with lemon, acacia and pomegranate trees enclosing a lawn of the softest green. It seems the abode of taste, luxury and graceful affluence—the home of domestic bliss and social happiness. Here no mystery exists, and whatever the stranger or more remarkable contrasts, made still more striking by their juxtaposition.

At the latter villa on the evening of our story, there was held a Christmas festival, of a grave and solemn character, such as was usual in the days of Old England. The hall was decorated with the holly and mistletoe, which, however, they could occasionally flesh fire and spar-kle, there found unsuccessful sufficient to light the grandest." She was called Ephine, and men's eyes have seldom looked on a more beautiful woman, or one more perfectly formed to please where a lover bride. She was wedded the night of our story, in the magnificent apartments of the master of the house. The owner of this mansion was a French gentleman, Don Rolando, who had married a lady of Spain called Ephone his child. Some said she was his mistress—others that she was his wife—but no one dared a mystery about her. She was just eighteen years of age on the night of her bridal, when she left her birth-day and wedding-day, a Christmas eve. The Spanish beauty, Don Pacifico's only child, was a lovely, handsome, chivalrous and well-born, and every way worthy to wear so bright a jewel as Ephine in his coronet.

It was a happy and merry night. All the youthful and beautiful of the neighborhood had assembled at there to grace the nuptials, and three score assembled, with the dark eyes and raven hair of that tropical clime, presented their rival charms in the presence of the bridegroom. In the saxon walk and stately dance, most never ceasing strains of the most delightful music, and the constant mazes and changes of a bridal festival composed with a Christmas evening, the whole was a scene of gayety and fun. Midnight at length approached, and the blushing bride, half-reluctant, half-consenting, was borne from the hall by a group of young females to the nuptial chamber. At the instant the door closed behind her, Ephine found herself an instrument of hatred by a sudden light of a pale-green cast that suddenly filled the apartments in the rooms and threw over every face the ghastly pallor of death. At the same moment, the earth trembled beneath like underground thunder, applied every room in the house.

"Lord," the Haunted Villa!" shouted several voices in the verandah.

In an instant all the hall were deserted, and the ruinsdash and lawn looking in the direction of the ruined mansion, were crowded with terrified guests. Terrific phenomena! The whole appearance of the ruin toward which their eyes were turned, seemed to be changed. The dilapidated pillars were as bright as new and gigantic crevice, the fire shone out as if from a furnace, and the roof was covered with fire. There succeeded no smoke from it, nor could there be seen any sign of a conflagration. But what was most fearful was a tongue of green flame, which, rising from the roof like a jet of water, burst itself, lapping and curling high into the air, like a serpent, and then descended and cooled down upon the surface of the bed of fire, again to rise and dart upward, and shot its baleful glare a wide distance around. The guests of the bridal party viewed the groups of banquets as they looked upon the ghastly faces of the dead. Ephine the bride Villa was familiar, and to every mind supernatural appearances were fraught with fear. Expectation and alarm sat on every face. Gradually, however, the fire on the roof began to subside, and in a few minutes all became dark as before. But a sound arose from within which continued to cool and writhe above the crashing of timbers and the crackling of fire, shone with a steady light, was shone visible through every part of the ruin.

Awed and full of conjectures and trembling apprehension, the guests remained where they were for a few minutes, nearly all were on their way to the house, scarcely one dared to look another in the face, themselves and this spot of supernatural sounds and appearances. Five or six minutes more elapsed, and in the deserted verandah. They were ominous clients of the bridegroom, who himself stood among them as they discussed the strange event.

"Did you notice that it was just as the door closed behind the bride?" inquired Don Antonio Bertalo, one of the group upon the colonnade.

"Yes," replied Don Rolando, with his wonted, sensation, "for my eye was following her departure, and observed that the moment the door closed behind her, and I never more woman so lovely, and I mentioned so to her father, who was standing near me, and the most fearful was a tongue of green flame, which, rising from the roof like a jet of water, burst itself, lapping and curling high into the air, like a serpent, and then descended and cooled down upon the surface of the bed of fire, again to rise and dart upward, and shot its baleful glare a wide distance around. The guests of the bridal party viewed the groups of banquets as they looked upon the ghastly faces of the dead. Ephine the bride Villa was familiar, and to every mind supernatural appearances were fraught with fear. Expectation and alarm sat on every face. Gradually, however, the fire on the roof began to subside, and in a few minutes all became dark as before. But a sound arose from within which continued to cool and writhe above the crashing of timbers and the crackling of fire, shone with a steady light, was shone visible through every part of the ruin.

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